

The Comickall Historie of

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot heare it :
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
With sweetest tutes pearce your Mistres eare,
And draw her home with Musique. *Play Musique.*

Iessi. I am never merry when I heare sweet Musique.

Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hore condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
You shall perceave them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of Musique : therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orphens* drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
But musique for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musique in himselfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Tenebris* :
Let no such man be trusted : marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :
How farre that little candle throwes his beames :
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dimme the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Untill a king be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters : musicke harke.

Ner. It is, your musicke Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day.

Ner. Si.

the Merchant

Ner. Silence bestowes that v

Por. The Crow doth sing as
When neither is attended : and
The Nightingale if she should f
When every Goose is cackling,
No better a Musician then the l
How many things by season, sea
To the right praise, and true per
Peace, how the Moone sleeps w
And would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Porti*

Por. He knows me as the blind
By the bad voyce.

Loren. Deere Lady welcome

Por. We have been praying f
Which speed we hope the bette
Are they return'd ?

Loren. Madam, they are not
But there is come a Messenger b
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Give order to my servants, that
No note at all of our being absen
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you

Loren. Your husband is at ha
We are no tell-tales Madam, fear

Por. This night me thinks is b
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunn

Enter Bassanio, & Anthonio.
followers

Bass. We should hold day wit
If you would walke in absence o

Por. Let me give light, but let
For a light wife doth make a hea
And never be *Bassanis* so for me.
But God fort all : you are welcom